

# Good Morning

S67

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## "THE BLACK ROD"

### — He's King's Messenger

By J. M. Michaelson

MEMBERS of the House of Commons recently urged that the arrival of Black Rod to summon them to the House of Lords should be timed with more care so as not to interrupt their speeches. The lime-light thus was momentarily thrown upon an officer of the King whose duties are little heard about. Black Rod is one of those remarkable institutions in which Parliament abounds, a relic of the distant past, but symbolic of Parliament's struggle for freedom, and adding a picturesque touch to its ceremonies.

Officially, Black Rod is Gentleman Usher of the House of Lords, Chief of all the Ushers of England, and Custodian of the doors of the High Court of Parliament. He dates from the time of King Henry VIII, and his chief ceremonial duty to-day is to act as the messenger of the King in summoning the Commons to the Lords either for the opening or closing of Parliament or to hear the Royal Assent given to a Bill. Dressed in his black tunic, knee-breeches and buckled shoes, with his cocked hat under his arm and the short ebony rod surmounted by a lion which gives him his familiar name, he approaches the House of Commons from the

Cries of "Way for Black Rod" greet him in the corridor, ostensibly to clear the way, but actually, one suspects, to warn the Commons of his approach.

The Serjeant at Arms immediately closes the doors of the House in his face, and, just to make sure the King's Messenger is up to no mischief, bolts them. He then inspects Black Rod through

an opening in the door and looks towards the Speaker, who gives a nod, signifying that the King's Messenger may be admitted.

All this pantomime is a relic of the time when the Commons had in fact to guard itself carefully against intrusion by the King or his messengers. In 1626, in the famous debate on "tonnage and poundage," a Member locked the doors of the House and put the key in his pocket, thus ensuring that Black Rod would not be able to enter until the Commons had decided the matter in hand. To-day, the momentary exclusion is, of course, purely symbolic.

When admitted, Black Rod walks with dignity to the Speaker's table to state that His Majesty commands the House to attend him immediately in the Lords to hear the King's Speech. If it is to hear the Royal Assent, now always given by Commissioners, and not the King in person, the House is "desired" to attend instead of commanded.

A Black Rod some sixty years ago who used the wrong formula was immediately "picked on" by a House very jealous of its traditions and independence. Having delivered his message, he retired backwards, and is followed by the Speaker and Members of the House of Commons.

Black Rod's entry means that any Member who is speaking is interrupted, and it is the experience of Members who have

been cut short in the full flood of oratory that led to the recent suggestion that Black Rod should call "by appointment only"! The matter has been raised in the House before, since few orators can resume their speeches after a fifteen or twenty minutes interval with the same zest.

But the Commons is very reluctant to change even inconvenient traditions, and it will be surprising if an alteration is made. Formerly it was customary to show contempt of Black Rod (as representing the "intrusion" of the King) by muttering not always polite remarks and laughing, but to-day the scene is carried out with considerable dignity.

Black Rod is always a retired officer of one of the fighting Services with a distinguished career — Henry VIII stated that he must be a "Gentleman famous in Arms and Blood" — but in the past Black Rods have been completely overawed by the House of Commons and have become tongue-tied, unable to deliver their simple message, until given the "cue" or even helped out by the Speaker.

One Black Rod, who had faced many enemies of Britain, could never face the House of Commons, and after one occasion when he could not remember a word of his message, always kept it written out on a visiting card which he concealed in his cocked hat!

When the King himself is in the Lords to open Parliament, Black Rod puts aside his sober black and dons full-dress uniform and decorations, becoming a splendid figure. He always wears a sword.

The office of Gentleman Usher to-day carries a salary of £1,000 a year. Formerly it was a great deal more profitable. Until about seventy years ago, Black Rod was permitted to sell the appointments of doorkeepers and ushers in the House, which are under his patronage, and to live on the fees.

This brought in over £5,000 a year, and in addition he had a house in the Palace of Westminster. Black Rod has a Deputy, known as the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, who receives £500 a year.

The position of Black Rod to-day rarely calls for the exercise of military qualities, except perhaps in the processions. But in the days when the Commons, after the election of a new Speaker, used to scramble wildly after Black Rod to secure good positions in the House of Lords, the unfortunate messenger was often in physical danger.

Black Rod was knocked down by a charging mob of Members in 1832 and his hat was never seen again. On another occasion Black Rod had his shoulder dislocated in the scum. To-day the Commons proceed to the Lords in much more orderly and dignified fashion. Black Rod has other duties to perform beside that of acting as King's Messenger to the

Commons. In the House of Lords he is the equivalent of the Serjeant at Arms in the Commons, and should anyone be considered to have offended the dignity of the House of Peers, it is Black Rod who would sally forth to arrest him and bring him to the Bar of the Lords, there to fall on his knees and be either reprimanded or sent to the Clock Tower.

In fact, it is well over a century since he had to act in this way, the last occasion concerning a gentleman who was so foolish as to make a fuss about an umbrella which he had lost in the Houses of Parliament and actually issued a summons against one of the servants of the House!

Black Rod also controls the admission of visitors to the House of Lords, and takes part in all the processions that mark its ceremonies, such as the swearing-in of a new peer, and the arrival of the King.

But it is as a messenger to the House of Commons, the man who gets the door slammed in his face many times a session, that Black Rod plays his great symbolic role. In a purely utilitarian Parliament, the Lord Chancellor would pick up a telephone, get in touch with the Commons, and say he would like them to come up.

Instead, he summons Black Rod, gives him a dignified message, and sends him down the corridors, where the way is clear for him as the King's Messenger, and the door closed on him by the Commons until he humbly knocks. In this ceremony is summed up the whole centuries-long story of the relations of King, Peers and Commons.

## A.B. JOHN CHAPMAN, "So you now down pints!"

"DAD and I still can't get over our John drinking pints of beer," was one of the first remarks made by your mother, A.B. Chapman, when we visited your family at 46, Claremont-road, Moss side, Manchester.

We think you must have opened their eyes rather wide over your last leave John; but — you're in the Navy now! There is a new master of the house asserting his authority everywhere. Yes, you've guessed it. Little nephew David is keeping everybody amused and manages to get in the most awkward situations.

Everybody at home is really fit, and naturally they are all busy, so we couldn't meet all your sisters and brothers. Your mother was very excited about being able to send you a

## THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

By THOMAS À KEMPIS

IN the Holy Scriptures, look for truth, not eloquence. All Holy Scripture ought to be read with the spirit in which it was made.

We must seek for profit in the Scriptures, not for subtlety in speech.

We ought to be as willing to read devout and simple books as those that are profound.

Do not let the authority of the writer move you; let the love of the truth move you.

Do not ask who it was said this or that, but listen to what is said.

For men pass away. But the truth remains for ever. God speaks in many ways to us, without respect of persons.

If you want to profit from your reading, read the Scriptures with humility, simplicity and faith.

HAPPY is the man whom truth teaches, not by figures and words, but by sheer truth itself.

Our opinion and our senses often deceive us.

It is a great folly for us to neglect things profitable and necessary and to busy ourselves instead with things that are harmful and unnecessary. We have eyes and see not.

He to whom the Eternal Word speaks is set free from a multitude of warring opinions.

For, from One Word are all things and through this One Word all things speak. Without this Word, no one can understand or judge rightly.

He to whom all things are one, and who draws all things to one and who sees all things in one, will be steadfast in heart. For in God is the everlasting truth and peace.

The more a man is united within himself, the more does he begin to know higher things without great labour, because he receives the light of understanding from above.

A pure, simple and steady spirit is not shivered into fragments by a multiplicity of affairs; because the man with such a single-minded spirit does all his tasks and duties to the greater glory of God. He endeavours to be at rest within himself and is free from all small self-seeking.

Such a man first scrutinises within himself all the tasks that he has to do outwardly. And so he bends all things to the rule of right reason.

So let this become our daily business: to strive to overcome ourselves and daily to gain strength against ourselves and to grow better and better.

The humble knowledge of yourself that you gain in this way is the one sure road to God.

WE cannot put much trust in ourselves because there is but little light in us, and that little we lose quickly because of our negligence.

We often behave badly; we behave worse when we try and excuse ourselves.

We are sometimes moved by passion and we mistake it for zeal.

We are quick to point out the small defects of others, but turn a blind eye to the big defects in ourselves.

We are quick enough at seeing what we suffer from others, but we do not take any notice of what others suffer from us.

Any man who well and duly weighed up the value of his own actions would have little time to try and judge others.

The man who looks after his own spiritual progress is silent about others' defects. And you will never progress spiritually unless you pass over such things in silence. Look into your own heart instead.

For when you have run over all things — what will you have gained if you have neglected your own true good?



message, John. It seems you are still a "rum joker" in her eyes.

May and Winnie still go dancing, so remember your brotherly promise on your next leave and take them out, they will just love it.

Little Irene came dashing in from the Park opposite, when we told her she would be included in the picture, much to the envy of her little friends.

Gilbert has made a fine job of your bike, and is off on a camping and cycling holiday very soon, and it's your tent he's using. Remember the

one you bought years ago — well, it's still going strong. Tom came in before we said good-bye. He looks very fit and he's just been granted a commission in the A.T.C.

Since you moved to Claremont-road the family have rather lost touch with your pals, John, but you can do your best to look them up when you return.

Frances is at home helping your mother to keep things straight. She did say something to us about the "silent boy." Does it register? And all's well, John. Good Hunting!

## Thoughts for Sunday

Shall we gather at the river?  
Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

Ira D. Sankey  
(1840-1908).

Call him not old, whose visionary brain  
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.  
For him in vain the envious seasons roll  
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The sea hath no king but God alone.

D. G. Rossetti.

If I boast of aught,  
Be it, to have been Heaven's happy instrument,  
The means of good to all my fellow-creatures;  
This is a King's best praise.

Nicholas Rowe  
(1674-1718).

Burke is not affected by the validity of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird.

Tom Paine,  
"Rights of Man."

Oh, in the still night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.

And thou, vast ocean! on whose awful face  
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

Robert Montgomery  
(1807-1855).

Heaven is for thee too high  
To know what passes there;  
Be lowly wise;  
Think only what concerns thee and thy being.

Milton.

I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross.

Dr. Johnson.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# SHE WAS CROWNED KING

IT is the only case in history of a slip of a girl being crowned King, not Queen, of a civilised country.

There was no mistake about it. The Swedish Court did it deliberately, and Christina of Sweden became a sovereign King.

She was the most tantalising monarch ever. Daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the Lion of the North, he had wanted a son. His queen, Maria Eleonora, gave him a daughter.

Then Gustavus Adolphus was killed in the battle of Lutzen, in Upper Saxony, when Christina was only six years of age.

## LET HER BE HIM.

Matters were in a state of danger for Sweden then, and when Chancellor Oxenstierna introduced the child to the assembled States, a deputy peasant named Larson stood up and cried, "Behold, she has the very features of Gustavus Adolphus. Let her be seated on the throne and proclaimed KING!"

It was done. The sooth-sayers had prophesied that the child to be born would be a son. The astrologers agreed. But a girl had arrived.

Even her father had made it known before his death that he wanted her to be a King. She was still at the teething stage when he took her to battles so that she might "behold much finer sights than the Court."

She beheld them, and clapped her hands at gory deeds.

Almost before she was in her teens she began to argue with her doctors of divinity about religion.

Her father had been a Lutheran. Christina maintained that she had become King by divine inheritance, and that was about all she ever knew about divinity.

She changed her religion to that of the Church of Rome, after wandering among the philosophies.

This caused the then Pope to remark that "this was the greatest scandal she could afflict us with, unless the idea of writing a book in defence of the Faith should unhappily seize her."

She cultivated all the masculine habits. She never danced, however, and hated manners of women and their style of dress—not because she liked men any better.

## A SWEET SWEARER.

She was not unattractive. A contemporary description of her says she was short, well formed, with the exception of a slight deformity of one shoulder, caused by a beam falling on her when she was a child.

She had very expressive hazel eyes, a profusion of light brown hair, fine regular teeth, and a large mouth.

She could swear "like a

(Says Russell

Sinclair)

trooper," and could never be cured of the habit.

She was never guilty of reverencing her mother, and that lady left the Court, saying she would rather beg her bread elsewhere than remain.

On the 18th December, 1644, Christina attained her legal majority—that is, 18 years—and in 1650 she was crowned King of Sweden with great pomp and ceremony.

She had many suitors, including the Prince of Denmark, the Elector of Brandenburg, the Elector Palatine, the King of Spain, the King of Poland, and Duke Charles Augustus, her first cousin.

She would have none of them, although it was represented to her that she should do her duty and give the country an heir to the throne. Her reply was, "I am King. I cannot change Nature!"

But she nominated Charles Augustus as heir apparent.

After this she set the Court in a whirl by her wilfulness. She endowed universities and academies, patronised men of letters and literature; then suddenly switched round, insulted everybody, and forsook books and learning.

Her favourite philosopher was Descartes. She ordered him to attend her at 5 a.m. every morning to discuss philosophy. And when he came she never listened to him.

Then she became interested in a lot of quacks, turned against them, and enjoyed luxurious dissipation, and finally betook herself to a society of Jesuits.

## THE BIG "IF."

On 6th June, 1654, she formally abdicated in favour of Charles Augustus, in defiance of the remonstrances of all her counsellors.

She left Sweden with immense booty of jewels, gold and silver, and arrived at Brussels.

There she changed her religion again, and on being asked why, she answered that she had a right to change her mind; but added, "If there is a God, I shall be prettily caught."

She vowed that henceforth her main intention was to "eat, drink, sleep and be merry."

She also admitted that she had caused the murder of her chamberlain, Monaldeschi. She died in Rome in 1689, after applying to the Pope, with whom she had quarrelled, for absolution. She got it. But she made history, and quit the world stainless.



## Lakeland Paradise should be National Park (From John Muller)

IT is not too much to say that there exists a nationwide, and also an American and a Dominion-wide hope, that the Lake District may in the early post-war years be made a national playground, and that it shall more than over be a focus of all the best that Britain can show and offer the world.

The movement to bring about such a happy result is growing in extent and importance.

Witness the safeguarding policy of the last twenty years and the successful efforts of the National Trust to preserve from spoiling by the speculative builder and the unstructured road-maker many of the most beautiful parts of the Lake District.

Only the other day the National Trust acquired by purchase the 600 acres of Teathwaite Farm and its 2,000 acres of fell-land at the foot of Styhead Pass. Thus is banished the fear that the Cumberland County Council may revive a scheme of constructing a motor road over the Sty from Wasdale to Borrowdale.

The Americans who in the months of June, July, August and September in pre-war times took 75 per cent. of the accommodation of the foremost Lakeland hotels, and the Australians, the New Zealanders and the South Africans who during the same period required 20 per cent. of the accommodation, used vehemently to express the opinion that the Lake District should be treated as their own countries have treated some of their treasured lands.

National parks abound in America and the Dominions: it is only natural that these visitors from abroad should wish to see the Lake District become another of the "wilds" of the New and the Old Worlds.

Here in the Lake District, Cumberland, Westmorland and Lancashire all contribute to form what is by Nature a single geographical unit.

Lancashire seems far removed from the Lake District,

cautiously around the warren—taking no notice of her rabbit neighbours—and disappear in the dusk.

She would bring home a rabbit or a partridge, or perhaps a chicken as a change of fare. But for some reason—there seemed a code in fox behaviour—that supper had to be hunted for before it was eaten, and so the rabbits on her doorstep were ignored; or thought they were.

But if those rabbits are wise, they'll get going while the days are long.

It may be that the vixen is planning ahead, and some morning, when she returns from an unsuccessful night's prowling, she may call on neighbour rabbit to provide breakfast for her family.

though it possesses much of the shore of Windermere and the whole of Furness detached from the county by the estuaries and sands of Morecambe Bay; Westmorland has perhaps more completely the characteristics we associate with the Lakes, yet it seems to merge imperceptibly into Yorkshire.

Cumberland has its real centre of activity some distance from the region which we claim as an entity, and as something unique in Britain for its rare beauty contained in so small a compass.

Any valuation of the Lakeland landscape would be unbalanced were one to ignore the less dramatic, but no less beautiful, countryside on its fringe, for it welcomes the visitor as he approaches the mountains from any direction.

Whereas Nature still remains untamed in many parts of the region and exposes the physical structure of her primeval form, elsewhere the scenery has been shaped and modified by the work of generations of men, and the result is there expressed in a softer pastoral landscape, where stone or white-washed villages and farms harmonise perfectly.

Generally speaking, the English Lake District is a well-defined area of some 700 square miles, bounded on the west by Solway Firth and the Irish Sea, and on the north by the rolling green plain which stretches out towards Carlisle and the wild moorlands of the Border.

It is only on the east that it is joined to the massive central plateau of the Pennine Chain by those bleak uplands known as Shap Fells, Langdale Fell and Ravenstonedale Common. The Lake District is formed on a wheel-like pattern, with a central hub of high fells composed of hard volcanic rock, long ridges of spokes, and lakes and dales occupying the spaces.

The valleys all begin with soft gentle hills, with vivid green meadows and pleasant, homely farmhouse groups, and end in treeless volcanic mountains, where the wind and Atlantic storms sweep across the mountains.

Gripped in their mountain settings, like jewels of turquoise or emerald, lie the lakes and tarns. No other tract of country can show so much variety of scenery in so small an area.

Reference has been made to the blocking by the National Trust's purchase of Teathwaite Farm of any scheme for the building of a motorway over the Sty Head Pass. It may, however, be pointed out that even as a National Park the existing motor roads make it accessible to all who wish to travel by car or cycle.

All the friends of the Lake District insist upon is that the central high fells shall not be disturbed by traffic.

It is the invasion of the narrow valleys by cars in greater number than make for peace which has created the strong antipathy to the "opening-up" of byways and mountain tracks.

The wayfarer desires to retain the complete freedom of the unenclosed mountains and the bracken-covered fells. His alone is the privilege to roam at will like the little Herdwick sheep on their high pastures or follow the age-old tracks from the valley farms to the bracing air on the fell tops.

He may be a walker or a scrambler or a rock-climber. All alike enjoy the solitude of the mountains, the sight of ravens, buzzards and peregrines in the sky, of the uprising of mallard from the tarns, of the fell foxhounds pursuing the hill foxes, of the trail hounds travelling over scree, crag and heather as they drive the scent of aniseed and turpentine.

There is more besides—a whole group of interests and ways of knowledge, which are a proper endowment of walking and climbing; some faint awareness of how the hills came to stand in their present order, of the qualities of certain plants which grow in high places, of the history caught in local names, and the races of men who have built the traditions of a district and shaped its ways of feeling.

The whole of the country, its past and its present, its men, its plants, its rocks, its animals, its birds, its fish, are one.

It need hardly be said that the whole region is organised to the end of catering for the pilgrims, whether they travel afoot or on horse.

Everywhere can be found comfortable hotels or simple farmhouse lodgings—all typically English—where the hospitable folk of these northern counties entertain visitors in their inimitable way.

The local inns and hotels are, in fact, a distinct feature of the Lakeland landscape.

The farmer and the shepherd are of the landscape, the visitor is outside it, and it is because the Lakeland landscape is so impregnable in its grandeur that it can absorb so many alien invasions during the crowded months of summer.

In the post-war years Lakeland will absorb even greater invasions. The Youth Hostel movement is increasingly important.

There is hardly a remote dale head in the loneliest and wildest of the valleys where hostels have not been put up to give the wayfarer a night's lodging and rest.

One may traverse from pass to pass in the sure knowledge that, come what may, he will not be benighted and compelled to pass the night exposed to the rigour of a storm.

## MORE WORDS...

THE tunes you know—here are the words, sent to you by courtesy of the publishers. Song sheets are being distributed to places where those who can strike the lyre—that's our spelling—can make use of them.

## THAT NIGHT IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

By courtesy of the Southern Music Publishing Co.

Written by Bobby Fisher. On a summer's night when feeling lonely, At a little village dance, There my eyes fell on a pretty maiden, Then I started my romance.

Chorus. How can I forget that night we met in June, dear, That night in the light of the moon,

Remember the dance and the romance so soon, dear, That night in the light of the moon;

You said with a sigh, it's not good-bye, We'll meet again;

That night of bliss, sealed with a kiss, Down Lovers' Lane; How can I forget that night we met in June, dear, That night in the light of the moon.

## HEY HO, IT'S LOVE AGAIN.

By courtesy of Lawrence Wright Music Co.

Lyric by Carl Yale, Music by Peter Hart.

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, my heart is jumping, Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, my! hear it thumping,

I'm so very gay, it's a lovely day.

I've just got to sing this simple roundelay:

Chorus. Hey ho, it's love again, I've got the urge to sing again, My heart goes ding dong ding again,

Hey ho, it's love, hey ho, without a doubt, Love gave me something to shout about,

It's got my heart on a round-about,

Hey ho, it's love, I know the signs of love so well,

I've been in love before, I always knew that a boy (girl)

Like you would come knocking at my door.

Hey ho, so gay again, Boy meets a girl and they dance again,

Youth takes a chance on romance again,

Hey ho, it's love.

## I WONDER WHY.

By courtesy of Cinephonic Music Co.

Words and Music by Art Noel. I've got a funny feeling stealing round my heart.

I don't know if I'm standing on my head or my toes, For ev'ry time we meet, then I must repeat:

Chorus.

I wonder why I love you, I'm just crazy over you,

I Wonder Why.

I wonder why your kisses seem to thrill me thro' and thro'

I Wonder Why.

A million times I go to sleep with you on the brain,

Talking to myself about you over again.

But if I knew the answer, then no more I'd complain,

I Wonder Why.

## THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS.

By courtesy of B. Feldman and Co.

Words by Frank Loesser. Music by Arthur Schwartz.

How's your love life? Well, Thank Your Lucky Stars,

Yes, Thank Your Lucky Stars, it's doing fine.

Keep your love life as sweet as candy bars,

And Thank Your Lucky Stars, like I thank mine.

Ev'rybody's living on less and less,

But you're O-Kay, you big success,

You've got your love life, And that's the only thing They won't be rationing.

They don't know how, So, Thank Your Lucky Stars right now.

## The Rabbit next Door

By Fred Kitchen

FOR several years the vixen-fox had brought up her family in the peaceful security of Redhill coppice.

Then war came, and even mother-fox was touched by it. She returned in the spring to her usual nesting place to find Redhill coppice had been removed from her map.

Not a tree was left standing, nor a particle of shade anywhere. It was a scene of devastation—of broken boughs and wood chips... and time was pressing with the vixen-fox.

She hastily dug herself in where a colony of rabbits had held undisputed ownership in a corner of the deer park.

You would have thought that the rabbits would make a hasty departure at the coming of their inveterate enemy, but not a bit of it.

Some few families removed to a safer area, but, strange as it seemed, while the

vixen was the sole tenant of one part of the warren, the other part was overrun with rabbit families.

If anyone had had the patience to watch later on in the evening they would have been rewarded with a strange sight.

The sharp face of the vixen would peep out of the hole, look cautiously around, and then—with nose to the ground—she would glide in circles over the warren.

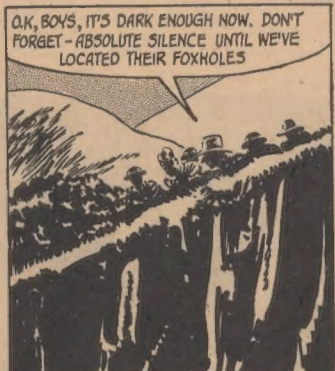
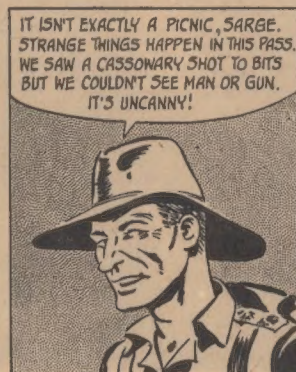
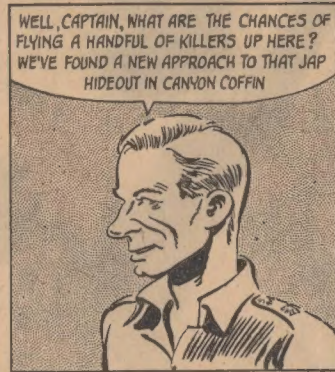
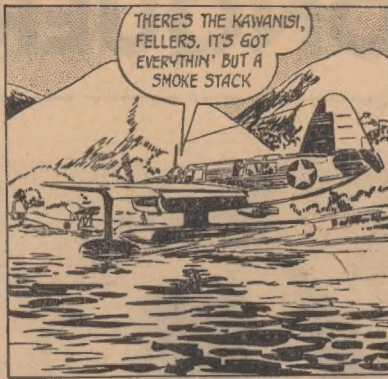
Then out would tumble three furry cubs, and for half an hour or more they would chase the mother up and down, rolling and tumbling and clinging on to each other, wherever they could get their baby teeth in.

And the strange thing was, there were always some half-dozen rabbits looking on from their end of the warren, apparently fascinated by the merry play of the cubs.

Then, having put her cubs to bed, the vixen would steal



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

AIR Mail collectors are taking their minds back twenty-five years to a Saturday in June, when Alcock and Whitten-Brown left St. John's, Newfoundland, in their Vickers-Vimy, carrying three pounds weight of mail.

A month earlier, Hawker had made his gallant but abortive attempt to cross the Atlantic. Correspondence carried by Hawker was stamped with the 3c. brown Caribou Head commemorative issued in January, 1919, overprinted FIRST/TRANS/ATLANTIC/AIR POST/April, 1919.

Of the 200 stamps prepared for this flight, 18 were damaged and destroyed, 95 used on letters, 11 given as presentation copies, and the remaining 76 were sold in aid of the Marine Disasters Fund.

These figures make the Hawker a rare stamp. Gibbons price the mint copies at £450, and the covers stand at £275.

The Alcock stamp is in a different category, for there was a printing of 10,000 copies. An overprint of the words Trans-Atlantic/AIR POST/1919/ONE DOLLAR was made on the 15c. Cabot commemorative (Group of Seals) issued in June, 1897. The covers are hard to come by, and the fact that they are catalogued round about £50 is probably due to the large number of stamps existing.

The covers carry the St. John's postmark, dated June 10 to June 13, according to when they were handed in (the day the machine left on its flight depended, of course, on weather conditions), and some are back-stamped with the time and date of arrival in London.

Catalogue prices for the Alcock stamp, £5 mint and £6 used, the used being fixed to correspondence which never actually flew the ocean, are quite reasonable when one remembers the popularity of Newfoundland with collectors, and the particular appeal of this first Atlantic crossing.

I think there is little doubt that these stamps will hold their place in the market and probably appreciate.

In the overprinted blocks of 25 there were 17 normals (quantity 6,800; catalogue £5, £6), seven without comma after AIR POST (2,800; £7, £8), and one without comma and stop after 1919 (400; £18, £20). Both these varieties strike me as being underpriced.

As air mail develops after the war and collectors widen their field of interest, all these early air post stamps and covers will soar in value. I think anything good that can be picked up now is worth putting by against appreciation.

News comes from Australia of new stamp issues in denominations of 1s. to £1 to be made later this year. According to the News and Information Bureau, they will bear typically Australian scenes, principally of primary industries, and not war motifs.

Although it was suggested to the authorities that any new stamp issues should commemorate the exploits of Australians in the war, food front scenes have been chosen in preference to war front motifs, chiefly because letters to prisoners of war bearing stamps commemorating Allied victories or V for Victory signs have frequently gone astray.

An amusing story comes from Monaco, a country always prone to unnecessary issues, and still carrying on as usual in war-time. In January, a set of nine stamps, all carrying heavy surcharge, was printed in honour of St. Devote, the principality's patron saint.

It was announced as being strictly limited in numbers, and speculators and local dealers sent in heavy orders, expecting to get only a fraction delivered. The authorities thereupon decided to meet all demands, and the buyers were left with a lot of worthless stuff on their hands.

Illustrated in this column, in addition to the Alcock stamp, are two French Equatorial Africa stamps overprinted with the Red Cross, the words Afrique Française Combattante, and surcharge. They were issued in August last.





# Good Morning

Beauty culture. Seemingly so overwhelming that she simply can't bear to look at it. What an eye-opener. Or is it?



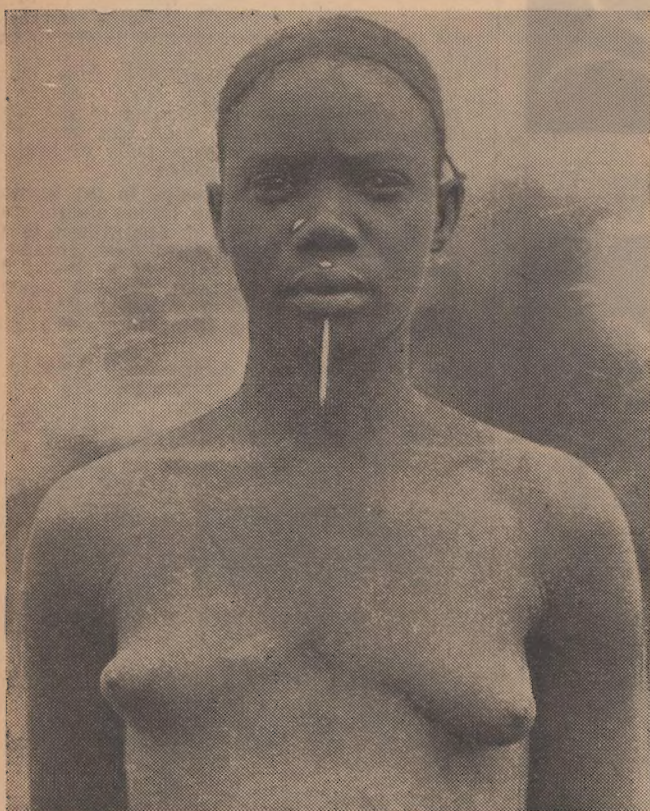
## PREPARING TO CONQUER



Ladies of the Bush applying cosmetics. Surely not going to visit the Old Bull and Bush, are they?



"Ah! Here comes the boss. Really MUST look my best."



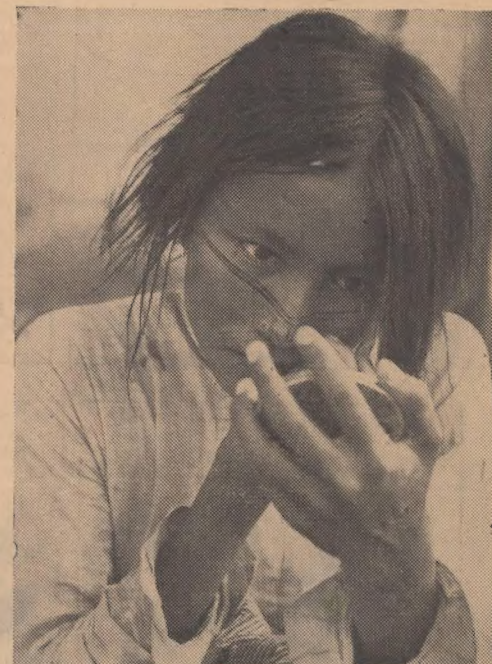
Talk about a nail-file. This Awemba tribe girl inserts a five-inch nail through her lips. Maybe to prevent careless talk. Who knows?



All that glitters may not be gold, but, boy, oh boy! how beautiful.



This Central African girl is quite cut up about it. Fancy such a carve-up of the beauty stakes.



The Seris women are said to be the most primitive in the world. Maybe the eyebrows ARE a bit low, but perhaps our girls raise theirs a bit too much on occasion.



Pardon our blushes. We thought these chaps had gone all feminine. Alas! a Maori must have his War-cry. So pep it up, chaps.